

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SQ.

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March 1, 1903.

THE MARCH WINDS.

In March come the March winds,
They blow and blow;
But just what they come for
I hardly know,—
A heigh-ho!

In March come the March winds,
They blow and blow:
They sweep up the brown leaves
That green ones may grow,—
Aha! a heigh-ho!

GEORGE W. W. HOUGHTON.

*Truth is a good dog; but beware of
barking too close to the heels of error,
lest you get your brains kicked out.*
COLERIDGE.

HELPLESSNESS.

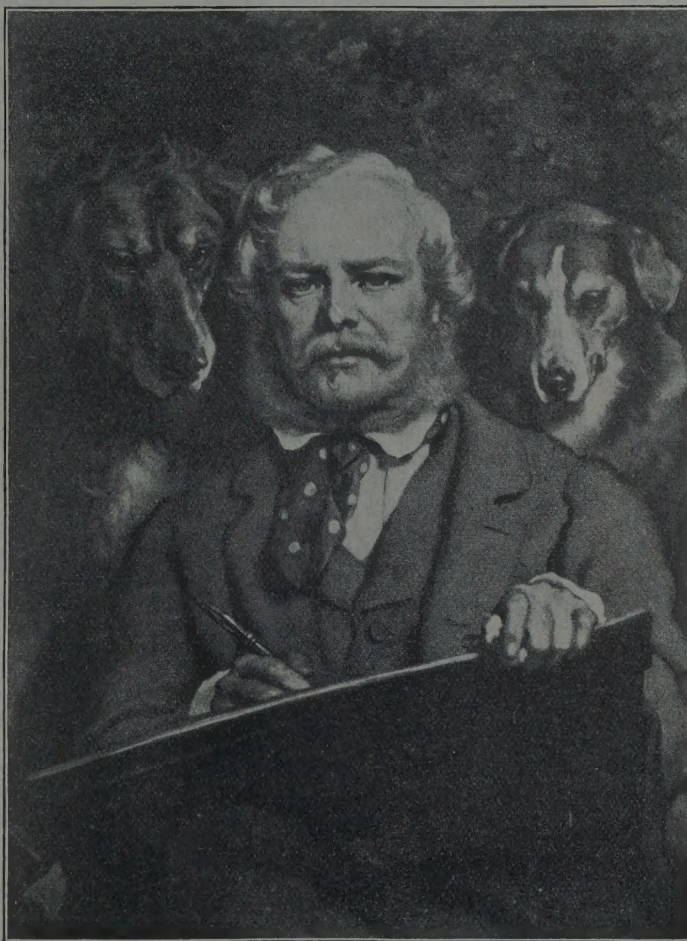
If you were toiling up a weary
hill,
Bearing a load beyond your
strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly,
and still
Stumbling and losing foothold
here and there,
And each one passing by would do
so much
As give one upward lift and go
his way,
Would not the slight reiterated
touch
Of help and kindness lighten all
the day?

If you were breasting a keen
wind, which tossed
And buffeted and chilled you as
you strove,
Till, buffeted and bewildered quite,
you lost

The power to see the way, and aim and
move,
And one, if only for a moment's space,
Gave you shelter from the bitter blast,
Would not you find it easier to face
The storm again when the brief rest was
passed?

There is no little and there is no much:
We weigh and measure and define in vain.
A look, a word, a light responsive touch,
Can be the minister of joy to pain.
A man can die of hunger walled in gold,
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger
breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing which tells for life or
death.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.



LANDSEER.

For Every Other Sunday.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

BY NANCY M. ABBOTT.

QUEEN ANNE Street in London is a shabby district, with long rows of plain brick houses, but it is immortal to all lovers of art because it was the home of Turner; and still more distinguished did it become when, at number 83, on March 7, 1802, was born Edwin Landseer. His education in art began when he was but three years old, at which time his father would take him out to Hampstead Heath, not far from their home, and say to him: "Look at this beautiful bird, and think of others; look at this little dog, and compare him with others. Think how many beautiful things are out here, and copy

all you can." Then the little bright, curly headed boy would look closely at all the dogs, horses, and donkeys on the Heath; and after a time he began to draw. He little knew his drawings would be shown at the South Kensington Museum years afterward, but they were; and one drawing of a donkey's head, pointed out as the one done by Sir Edwin Landseer when he was a very little boy, is marked "E. Landseer, 5 years old."

Before he was eight years old his father had taught him the process of etching; and, though it is not easy to engrave a plate, Edwin did his work very well. Even then the lad had a vivid insight into the character of animals, as is shown by the expressions he gave his sheep, dogs, lions, and tigers.

Edwin loved to read, but study was distasteful to him; and, like many another boy artist, he was always running away from his teachers or else spending his study hours drawing on the fly-leaves of his text-books. He early discovered that dogs of one breed may have different dispositions and tempers,—in fact, that dogs have character and personality; and so his pictures are not profound, but simply dogs with affections and jealousy, showing that, after all, dogs are very much like people.

When he was thirteen years old, his father asked Benjamin Haydon, a prominent English painter and lecturer, if he would teach the boy. The great man consented, and at once set the lad at work dissecting a lion, saying

"If you wish to paint animals well, you must know how they are made." From this time until his death young Landseer was fond of studying and painting lions.

When fourteen, he entered the Royal Academy Schools. At the age of sixteen he painted a wonderful picture of fighting dogs, which was exhibited at the Spring Gardens Exposition. This was his first real success.

When he was hardly twenty, he had exhibited at several Royal Academy Exhibitions, and his name was on every tongue. John Landseer, though an enthusiastic lover of art and a very skilful engraver, now became known only as "the father of Landseer"; and the other sons, although older than Edwin and accomplished workmen, were simply "the brothers of Landseer." From a position where

the closest economy must be practised the family found themselves rapidly growing wealthy. Young Landseer now bought himself a horse, and at once began to paint horses.

About this time Sir Walter Scott came to London, and saw Landseer's painting of "The Cat's Paw," which is a picture of a sly little monkey looking at some hot chestnuts on the top of a heated stove; but, knowing the stove will burn his paws, he seizes the paw of a cat and brushes the chestnuts off. The cat is struggling violently to get away, and the kittens are mewling piteously. Scott was so charmed with the picture that he hunted out the young artist, and soon after invited him to Abbotsford.

Now Landseer had so many pictures, and wanted to keep so many dogs, horses, and sheep, that it seemed necessary that he should have a house and studio of his own. Accordingly, he took a charming little cottage on St. John's Wood Road, near London; and this delightful spot he named Maida Vale. As he never married, one of his sisters lived with him; and here he entertained many famous people.

One of his noted paintings is "King Charles Spaniels." The little dogs lie side by side on a table, one with his paws over the edge and his nose resting comfortably upon them, the other lying against a tall hat with a long white plume. Both dogs are intently gazing at some object across the room. Nearly every one is familiar with his "Shoeing," where stand the sleek bay mare, the sober, serious donkey, and the big dog. The smith has fitted the shoe, and is now ready to nail it on. By his side is his nail-box. The old dog looks calmly on at the work.

There is a funny story told of Landseer while on a hunting excursion. For a long time the artist and his attendant had been standing, gun in hand, waiting until the hounds should start a deer. At last a fine, handsome buck ran out of the wood near by. The attendant was shocked when the artist, instead of firing, thrust the weapon into the man's hands, whispering, "Here, hold this for me," and, hastily taking out his pencil and book, sketched the animal. The "Monarch of the Glen" is such a perfect picture one can easily imagine he was captured in just this way. With head erect he is a grand specimen of his kind, while the rough mountain peaks in the background, rising above the mist in the valley, bring out more clearly his noble body. The branches of his wide-spreading antlers indicate that he is seven years old. He is short and thick. His neck is covered with a short, heavy mane. His large ears stand erect as if he is listening, while his large, beautiful eyes scan the horizon.

"Dignity and Impudence" is an illustration of the manners of men as well as dogs. The hound Dignity lies at the door of the kennel, his large, intelligent head raised, his paws hanging over the edge of the door-sill. His whole bearing indicates superiority. Impudence, the little terrier, has stopped in the midst of his wild play and thrust his curious head out of the door to see who the coming visitor is. The painting is now in the National Gallery, London.

The picture of a large Newfoundland dog, snowy white, except the black head, lying at the end of a stone pier with his fore paws hanging over the edge, is "A Member of the Humane Society." This is the portrait of a dog called Paul Pry, owned by Newman Smith, who afterward became the owner of the pic-

ture. He, however, bequeathed it to the English National Gallery, where it now is.

"The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner" is another beautiful picture. The old shepherd, living alone in his humble cot, has died. The faithful dog sits by the coffin, and clings to the shepherd's plaid, which has been thrown over the trestle. Ruskin thus describes it, "The close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid close and motionless upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion or change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin-lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life, how unwatched the departure, of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep."

Some other familiar works of this artist are "King of the Forest," "There's Life in the Old Dog yet," "Laying down the Law," "Waiting for Mistress," "The Nut Crackers," "The Sick Monkey."

Landseer was a sculptor as well as painter. In 1859 the English government commissioned him to model lions to ornament the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square. This monument had been erected in memory of Admiral Nelson, who commanded the English fleet in its victory off Cape Trafalgar in 1805. It is a tall granite column on which stands a statue of Nelson. The four huge lions were placed on large pedestals at the four corners of the base of the monument in 1868.

Landseer died Oct. 1, 1873, and was buried in St. Peter's Cathedral. His life was one of prosperity, with nothing to mar its happiness. "He did a great work: the world is better for his having lived"; and "it was his peculiar glory that he touched the hearts of the people."

For Every Other Sunday.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

BY CAROLINE E. BRIGGS.

WOULDEST thou a neighbor be where'er thou art?

Then to the needy show a feeling heart;
And though a stranger he, and helpless, scan
No less in him a brother and a man.

But not alone material wants supply:
Give kindness, hope, and gentle sympathy.
How many for the lack of these have died,
When other wants have amply been supplied!

"Man cannot live by bread alone," was said—
By one who said, "I am the living bread."
He brought the good, the living truth to men:
Who drank of that "would never thirst again."

So be not idlers in the vineyard here:
There's work for all, both here and everywhere;
And "angels unawares" we oft may bless,
And be to each an added blessedness.

Thus life will not be dreary, meagre, sad,
But filled with deeds that other hearts make glad.

For greater good one need not vainly try:
This is its own reward and luxury.

*Respect is a serious thing in him who feels it,
and the height of honor for him who inspires the feeling.*
MME. SWETCHINE.

For Every Other Sunday.

AN INCIDENT OF '77.

BY JENNIE GLOVER BROWN.

I WANT to tell you a little incident in the lives of two little girls, in a small town not far from Boston. It is absolutely true; and both of them are still living, being now mothers of more little people.

Early in the spring of 1877 the town of Marblehead was in a very flourishing condition. The unemployed were those who were either too young or too old to do the work required by the shoe manufacturers, who were widely known for the excellent workmanship in their shoes. I was visiting a dear old friend, the mother of three small children; and a very interesting stay it had been. On the eve of my departure, as I put my little cherubs to bed for the last time, the fire-bell rang loudly. In a small town like that almost every one takes part at the time of a conflagration; but, before we were ready to go to the scene, we discovered it was a false alarm, which was indeed a relief.

Little Mabel, however, grew very serious for so long a time that I tried to talk of something to divert her from the subject. At length she said slowly, "Auntie, do you know that the third time there's a fire it's sure to be a big one, and that's the second time we've had an alarm?" (Mabel was afraid of fires.)

"Nonsense, my child! Who tells you this?" I asked.

"Elsie Leslie says that's what her aunt Tabby told her."

"Well, I wouldn't think any more about it, dear," I said, as I kissed her good-night.

Before morning we were awakened by shouts of "Fire!" and the engine-house bell ringing wildly, while, in less time than it takes to tell it, every whistle in the town was shrieking.

We were far enough away to be in no immediate danger, but the crackling of the flames could be plainly heard.

The strong and able-bodied worked like heroes in the fierce battle with the flames; while the women and boys moved furniture through the streets to the burying-ground, which was considered a safe place. Unfortunately, the water supply was soon exhausted; and all that could be done to prevent the destruction of the town itself was to destroy several buildings, and thus prevent further spreading of that awful sea of flame.

The children were left with a neighbor; while their mother and myself worked until daylight, arriving home quite exhausted by our anxiety and efforts. But two of the children had long since started for the graveyard, promising to go no further; and, with mingled doubts and fears, we hurried there. It had every appearance of a second-hand furniture store, and certainly presented a most unusual sight. Cows and horses wandered around among the tombstones, some tethered to a tree; and everything in the housekeeping line had been deposited in this sacred place.

After hunting all over the cemetery, we at length came upon our little ones, aged four and six, in an out-of-the-way spot under the lee of a large granite tomb, where little Helen had found an old melodeon, and, perched upon a marble slab, was singing and playing to her heart's content, utterly oblivious of her unnatural surroundings. Bessie courageously knelt beneath, and with her chubby little hands pumped with might and main. A tablecloth had burned to a crisp directly behind them, yet had failed to arouse the in-

terest of these youthful amateurs. It was a sight never to be forgotten, and I truly wish I might describe it as I was impressed by it on that morning after the fire which blighted that little town for years.

It was very touching to see the look of supreme content upon those two innocent baby faces, while the rest of the population was filled with woe and lamentation.

Beware of a slow enemy.

LAVATER.

For Every Other Sunday.

HARRY'S DUCK POND.

BY MRS. A. M. MARRIOTT.

THERE were seven little ducks, the dearest, fluffiest things with their comical broad bills and bright eyes; and how they could go! "Just like streaks," Harry said, as he watched them as they darted here and there in their search for insects. Two were yellowish-white, two were yellow with black spots on them, one was brown, and two were gray and white and black; and their odd markings made them more interesting than ever. It was so funny to try to imagine how they would look when they were "grown up ducks."

One thing, however, was lacking: they had no pond near enough for such little ducks to swim in, and they would swim in something, if it was only the small tin pans which held the drinking water for them and the little chickens. Their desire to be cleanly caused us no end of trouble, for they spent almost all the time they were not eating in washing up. They would all get around the pan of water, and, dipping their bills in it, would wash and smooth their breast feathers, bending their necks and backs so rapidly that one almost expected to hear them snap; but where could so much dirt have been hidden? By the time they got through with their ablutions the water was like mud.

Harry thought something must be done. So one day, when they had grown a little larger and a great deal more cleanly (?) in their habits, he took an old unused tub and put it in the wood-house. Then he filled it half full of water, and fixed steps up to the top of the tub by piling blocks of wood up until the ducks could get over the edge. Then he had to put some more inside, so they could get out; and then he drove them in the wood-house, and caught one and put it in the tub. Then the fun began. The other ducks, hearing that one splashing around, would climb up and look, then over the edge would roll into the water, where they would dive and swim and splatter around, getting in and out one after another; but, as soon as one was out, it would turn right around and get in again, until the ground around the tub looked as if there had been a shower.

After a good, long play, Harry would drive them out and shut the door. Then they would go out in the sunshine and dry their feathers, and quack over the fun they had had. When they grew older, they went to the big pond, and would stay the entire day in the water, catching insects, and would keep their heads under water with their feet flapping in the air, in their search for "something" in the pond mud, till Alma declared they were trying to "drown themselves to death," and would get corn and coax them out; and, as soon as they would eat it, they would go right back to the pond again.

For Every Other Sunday.

THREE QUEER PETS.

BY HELEN P. HASKELL.

THEY were found on a sunny, sandy path, nearly trodden into the hardness of stone by the feet of many persons, it being the most direct way from the hotel of a fashionable summer resort to the beautiful and much-frequented lake.

One day an observing eye noticed, in a conspicuous part of the path, a hole about the size of a fifty-cent piece. "What is it?" was asked; and, stooping to examine it, a small moving clod of earth was seen, with a small turtle under it, crawling wearily along in the direction of the lake. The little black shape was picked up as a curiosity, and one inquiring young mind then decided to explore the hole. The earth was scratched away, and a tunnel found and traced, not going directly down; but, bending at a sharp angle, it wound along a few inches under the ground, until after a slight descent a pocket was reached, filled with a quantity of milky white eggshells, not thin and brittle as is the shell of a hen's egg, but resembling thick leather or parchment. Among them was found another small turtle with bits of shell clinging to it; and down in the lowest part, under all, was a tiny egg. The turtle was freed from its shell, and with the little egg carried to the house in a parasol, the possessor of the inquiring mind not feeling equal to taking the cold black object in her hand.

Gradually the shell of the egg cracked, and a wee, wee turtle, no larger than one's thumbnail, worked its way out, and was placed with the other two members of the family. It was decided to keep them, partly because they were "such dear little things," also as a fine study in natural history for the aforesaid young explorer, who was interested in all the strange workings of God's world.

A peach basket filled with fresh, grassy sod and a small pan of water became the home of Teddy, Willie, and Dolphine. For many weeks the three merely existed, no food being taken, the little mouths and eyes as firmly closed as if with glue. The wonderful power of mind we call instinct was, however, strong in the little creatures, who, whenever placed on the ground, after a minute commenced a laborious march, always in the direction of the lake. That it was not chance was made certain one day when the basket was placed on the window-sill, and Teddy, Willie, and Dolphine were left alone, apparently heartily enjoying a sun bath. As their fair owner opened the door on her return, her gown swept something from the threshold that rattled across the floor. It was found to be Teddy, who in some way had escaped from the basket, and made his way to the only door of the three in the room one was obliged to pass through on going to the lake, proving water was necessary to their welfare. When separated, it was a puzzle at first to know how their devoted guardian could tell Teddy from Willie, or Dolphine from Teddy, until shown that in each the under shell covering, of a shrimp pink color, had distinctly different black markings.

When in due time cold winter sent out his forerunner,—autumn,—the three turtles disappeared under the sod for their long nap. It was feared the light of their young lives would burn out before spring, as not a morsel of food were they known to have touched. They proved to be little barometers, for the approach of a warm wave brought one and all

out for a little paddle in the water and a sun bath.

On Good Friday there was great joy in one anxious heart when her three charges appeared and began a search, supposedly for food. A small bit of fresh beef put on a pin and offered the largest was eagerly seized. Then the other two were offered some, and in a short time all were ravenously eating. After that they made rapid progress in growth; and, as is said in early summer one can see the corn grow, so one could almost see these three mites of turtles grow. Instead of "Good-morning!" the salutation became often, "How much have Teddy, Willie, and Dolphine grown during the night?" Not knowing how such bits of flesh and blood should be taken care of and fed, their faithful friend visited the Natural History Rooms to learn the proper treatment. Fresh beef and flies was the food given, and it was curious to see their way of eating. The meat held in the mouth would be quickly torn or shredded by fast movements of the little fore claws, until small enough to be easily swallowed. As our own sweet babies are weighed often to tell how fast they grow, so these baby turtles were measured as they increased in size.

Their young keeper grew very fond of her pets, and lost all repugnance about handling them. They even exhibited some intelligence, especially Dolphine, who seemed to love to be taken in the hand, allowing head, feet, and tail to remain out of her shell, winking and blinking her little black beads of eyes, and, when talked to and petted, would stretch up her long, slender, striped neck, and small snake-shaped head. They were, like all their kind, great travellers, but had a novel way of going, different from turtles generally, being carried in a candy-box, well perforated, to insure plenty of air for the three captives. Also they sat in state to have their photographs taken for an admirer in far-off Egypt; and it was thought they puffed themselves up as large as possible, so great was their delight in feeling that not many of the turtle family could boast of sitting for a picture.

SEED THOUGHTS.

JOHN RUSKIN paints the Way of Life in these exquisite words: "I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that for their part they will make every day's work contribute to them. Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close. Then let every one of these short lives leave its short record of some kindly things done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves."

If God is really preparing us all to become that which is the very highest and best thing possible, there ought never to be a discouraged or uncheerful being in the world.—*Horace Bushnell.*

DUTY is the great mountain-road to God. Follow duty if you would know the Christ-like calm in the presence of wrong.—*Lloyd Jones.*

SOME people are always grumbling because roses have thorns. I am thankful that thorns have roses.—*Alphonse Karr.*

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.—*Bunyan.*

For Every Other Sunday.

LEADERS OF OUR FAITH.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

V. Andrew Preston Peabody.

His life was rounded as the gladsome year
 When autumn comes with fruit and golden
 grain,
 When fair is all the land from hill to plain,
 And beautiful with love the skies appear.
 His strength was spent in service wise and fair,
 Companion, guide, and minister of youth,
 He fed their hearts with sympathy and
 truth,
 A flower of angel-sweetness everywhere!
 God blessed him with the snow-white crown of
 age.
 He lived in glory of a sunset sky.
 As simple as a child, this saintly sage
 Was type and token of the life on high.
 The gates ajar such blessed ones do leave;
 For, oh, what peace our souls from them re-
 ceive!

SIBERIA.

THREE travellers, just returned from Siberia to Europe, disputed with one another about the country. The first said: "It is a land of ice and snow, of barren plains, over which drive furious tempests. Stony, moss-covered tundras extend for thousands of square miles. In midwinter there is only an hour of daylight." The second said: "I found it a fertile and a beautiful land. There were noble forests, but also immense grassy plains, in spring gay with lilies and wild flowers, and in autumn with raspberries and cranberries. The fields were full of game, and the rivers of fish. The towns were large and built of white stone, with innumerable green and gilt domes and spires." The third traveller said: "Not so: I found it a sandy desert, with dried up river courses, ending in ravines of bleak mountain chains. The people are nomads, tent dwellers, of the Tartar race." The first said again: "Siberian prisons are terrible: the exiles are cruelly treated. Those sent to the mines endure bitter torture and quickly die." The second said: "I found the Siberians kind and hospitable, very fond of their country. The government seemed mild and just." The third said, "I found an army, but no civil government at all."

Well, Siberia is so large a country that all these seeming contradictions are true.

It is no less than 4,142 miles from east to west, and at its widest 2,170 from north to south. Travelling in a country where all the great rivers flow north, where there are only a few miles of railroad and no canals, is slow and difficult. In the summer you hire a *tarantass* (see our picture), a boat-like carriage drawn by three horses abreast. But travelling is easier in winter, when the snow has fallen and the intense cold, some forty degrees of frost, has made the surface like glass. When the traveller comes to the end of the railway at Tiumin, he buys a sledge with skates and out-riggers. This he lines with furs, wraps himself up in a huge ball of clothes, lays in a store of food and small comforts, and travels day and night, getting what broken sleep he can in the swaying, leaping, crazy vehicle. His food is all frozen hard,—soups, fish, and black bread. These he thaws when he reaches a post-house, where horses and drivers are changed. Pursuits by packs of famished



SIBERIA.

wolves, or attacks of robbers, who are often escaped convicts, are incidents of travel. The post-houses are fifteen to twenty miles apart, and are all under government control. The fresh air, the brilliant sky, and the healthy exercise make travelling not only endurable, but delightful. At all times of the day and night, at the post station where horses are changed, the good wife brings the *samovar* for a cup or two of boiling tea.

"Little mother, your tea is good!"

"Heaven send you all the plums!" she replies.

The frost is terrible! Your ink freezes into a little black bullet as you write. The driver has frequently to dismount to break away the icicles from the noses of the poor horses, who would else be stifled. When you awake from a doze, you often find your eyelids frozen together or your cheeks and beard glued with ice to your *shuba* (great-coat) by your frozen breath.

WHY STARS TWINKLE.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How I wonder what you are!"

THIS is the little song that astronomers have been singing for years, and not one of them could satisfactorily answer the question.

Dr. See has found the cause of the twinkling to be the presence in the atmosphere of innumerable little currents or waves, which dart through the air and cause a break in the light from the star. The result is that to a beholder on the earth the star has the familiar appearance of twinkling. These little air currents can be distinguished through the twenty-four-inch telescope very plainly on nights when this twinkling is observed most, by the simple process of removing the eye-piece of the instrument.

The judgment of a great people is oftener wiser than the wisest men.
 KOSSUTH.



A HAPPY PARTY.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE LITTLE SONG-SPARROW.

BY M. C. B.

A SONG-SPARROW with a broken wing sat sadly on the hedge in the bright summer morning, and said to himself: "I would rather be dead than not able to fly. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

A merry sunbeam danced over the grass, and called to him: "Why, what is the matter, little friend? Where is the song you always have for me?"

"Look at my wing," answered the sparrow. "Do you think I can sing when I have so sad a heart?"

"Oh, I am so sorry!" and the sunbeam touched the bird very gently. "But don't stop your singing. By making others glad you will

be glad yourself. Come with me, and I will show you that you are not the only one who has a trouble to bear. Do you see that house, and the window with a pine-tree growing close beside it? In that room there is a little boy, who must now always lie in bed. He can never even come out of doors to see the flowers and trees and sky. It is time for me to visit him. Come, too; you can hop from bough to bough, they are so close together."

The sparrow shook his little head, and sighed: "I will go with you if you wish, but I cannot sing. Do not ask me to."

It was a pleasant room, with pictures on the wall and flowers on the table; but the quick eyes of the little bird saw something else, as he perched on the sill, the thin pale face of the little sick boy, on his white bed in the corner, and heard his eager voice as the sun-

beam danced over the carpet and sprang upon the white counterpane. "Oh, here is 'Cheer-up.' I am so glad!" Then another sound broke the stillness,—a merry peal of laughter, the tramping of small feet, and the rattle of tin pails. A happy crowd of children, on their way to a picnic, came running across the garden, and paused a minute beneath the window. "Good-bye, Paul!" they shouted. "Good-bye!" "Wish you could go, too!"

For an instant a shadow fell upon the sick boy's face, and the quick tears sprang to his eyes. How he wanted to join them! But the next minute his voice rang out bravely, cheerily: "Good-bye, good-bye! I hope you'll have a fine time!"

Then suddenly into the heart of the little bird there rushed something so sweet and tender that it filled it to overflowing. Didn't he know what it was to be left behind? to see the birds play tag in the trees and dart and fly in the air, and know he could never join them again? And, lifting his head, he poured out all his pity and sympathy in such a song as he had never sung before. When he had finished, there were no more tears in Paul's eyes. "Oh, sing some more, little bird," he cried. "Dear little bird!"

The sunbeam smiled, and stole away to brighten some other home; but they did not see him go, for now the bird was telling of the skies and trees and flowers; of the birds, and how they play; of the fairies, who dance in the wood; of everything that was glad and gay. He forgot his broken wing, and the boy remembered no more his aching back. Only when his mother opened the door was the spell broken.

"O, mother, you have frightened him away!"

"Frightened what, dear?"

"My little bird. He was in the window, and sang so sweet to me."

"Perhaps he will come again. I have brought your luncheon, and I will scatter some crumbs on the sill."

"There he is,—oh, there he is!" whispered Paul, excitedly, after a few minutes' anxious waiting. "O mother, he is eating the crumbs!"

"Why, poor little bird!" said mother, softly. "Something is the matter with his wing. I believe it's broken. We must fix a box with some grass on the tree, so he can have a nice warm place to go when it rains; and we will feed him every day."

When "Cheer-up" danced into the tree next day on his way to the sick boy's room, he paused a moment to see what strange thing had grown in its branches over night. But suddenly out of it came the little song-sparrow, calling: "Good-morning, 'good-morning! Come in and see my new home. Oh, I am so happy, so happy! Little Paul says my songs make him forget all his pain, and see how good he is to me,—this fine house to keep me warm and dry, and more crumbs than I can eat."

"Didn't I tell you," said the sunbeam, "that the way to be happy ourselves was to make others happy?"

The inward pleasure of imparting pleasure,—that is the choicest of all. HAWTHORNE.

"BUILD it well, whate'er you do;
Build it straight and strong and true;
Build it clean and high and broad;
Build it for the eye of God."

For Every Other Sunday.

HOW ONE LITTLE GIRL SAVED THE CORN.

Part I.

BY MINNIE SLOANE SNELL.

HER ten years of sunrises and sunsets in this world of mingled joy and sorrow had been spent in the garden-like fairness of old England, and the brown eyes looked out gravely over the barren prairie during the first trying days in the new home; but childhood readily becomes accustomed to its environment, and in one short year there was scant similarity between the little English girl who had walked to school along the hedge-bordered road, timidly retreating to the shelter of a friendly gateway if a staid, matronly old cow chanced to turn mild eyes in that direction, and the Americanized version of the same little girl, fearlessly running about in a land where herds of cattle were scarcely less uncommon than prairie dogs and cotton-tail rabbit.

Rose's first friend and playmate in the new country was a dog, the beautiful, intelligent shepherd dog Sport, whose coming was a mystery, and whose tragic death, six months later, was the child's first great sorrow. It was night when the Gilbreths arrived at the little prairie station, and a man with a wagon was waiting to take them and their belongings to the home which Mr. Gilbreth had purchased from an agent's alluringly written up description. Tired with her long journey, the sun was high when the transplanted little English Rose awoke the next day, and stole out to look at the new garden in which she must take root. A treeless plain stretched about on all sides, not a house in sight, not a hedgerow nor a hill; and there swept over her the very poignant pain of homesickness. Because of their hopelessness the sorrows of childhood are more bitter than those of mature years. Where Mr. Gilbreth saw in imagination a vine-covered house, a bearing orchard, a field of waving grain, his little daughter saw only the bare earth; for it was late fall, and flowers and grass were gone.

Utterly forlorn, Rose sat upon the doorstep; and, from crying softly at first, she was soon sobbing in a very abandonment of grief. Presently she felt something breathing near her face, and looked up into the tender, faithful eyes of a dog. Loneliness was forgotten, and upon the frosty doorstep began a friendship as sweet as it was tragically brief.

Mr. Gilbreth endeavored to find the owner of the dog, too valuable an animal to be astray, intending, if possible, to buy him, since Rose had taken such a fancy to "Sport," as she promptly named her canine friend. No one claimed ownership. It was in the days when long trains of moving wagons wound snake-like across the prairie, and perhaps the dog was lost from one of these. Having no language but that of his expressive eyes, the mystery of his coming remained unsolved; but there he was, and there he remained, Rose's particular chum, until he met his death.

Half a mile to the west of Mr. Gilbreth's ranch lay that of his nearest neighbor, "Deaf Peter Williams," as he was called. Mr. Williams lived alone with his wife, who might, with equal propriety, have been called Deaf Mrs. Williams. His only claim to note lay in the possession of a bull of lengthy pedigree and uncertain temper, or, more correctly speaking, a temper tolerably certain to make it interesting for all who came within range of his

vision, so that the part of the pasture in which he fed was usually avoided.

Poor Sport, accustomed though he was to driving cattle, turning, stampeding, generally outwitting them, found his Waterloo one spring day in Peter Williams' pasture. No one saw the battle; but I will venture to say that Sport's part in it was not that of a coward, and that he was vanquished by sheer force of superior strength. Peter Williams found the dog's mangled corpse the next day. Reluctantly and with sincere sorrow he trudged over to break the news to Rose. A dog is, at any time, a valuable adjunct to farm life; but, in the pioneer days of Western Kansas, a good dog was almost a positive necessity, because of the great droves of cattle driven from the vast ranges of Texas. The ranches were for the most part unfenced; and cattle drivers paid but little attention to the rancher's crop, which was trampled by many hoofs into the dust. Worse still, the ranchers' own cattle were sometimes gathered up by the way. Under these circumstances the rancher must keep a strict lookout and set his dog on the foremost of the herd, stampeding and turning them back or in another direction.

With a view to atoning as far as possible for Sport's death, Mr. Williams offered to give Rose a half-grown puppy. This offer being accepted and arrangements made for bringing the pup over the next day, he left. When he was gone, Rose sat disconsolately upon the doorstep, occasionally dabbing her red eyes with a very wet handkerchief rolled into a tight little ball.

"Would you like to go with me after the dog to-morrow morning, dear?" questioned her father, kindly.

She welcomed the proposal eagerly, and life began to assume a more cheerful aspect. Morning, however, brought the promise of disappointment to the much tried little girl. Her father found it necessary to go to the nearest town, twenty miles away, and must start betimes to be home again before night. As he mounted Brown Betty, he noticed his small daughter's downcast face, and surmised the reason for it. Pausing, with his foot in the stirrup, "Why not let Rose go for the pup herself this morning?" he said. "It is pretty hard on the child to be without a playmate all day."

Mrs. Gilbreth looked startled. "The Durham bull!" she exclaimed.

"He has been feeding in the north pasture for a week. Rose need not go within half a mile of him. Better let her go." And, waving his hand at them, he was off.

Even so small a matter as this was quite an event in the little girl's quiet life, and it was with a sense of pleasurable excitement that she started out. She was dressed in her very best, a little plaid dress made over from an old one of her mother's; and, because the morning was cool, she wore her best wrap, a long red cape fastened with silk cord and tassels. This cape was the pride of her heart; and Mrs. Solomon, in all her glory, did not feel so grandly dressed, I am sure, as did Rose as she walked along, swinging the silk tassels to and fro, but little realizing what an important part they were to play in saving her life.

Spring had just touched the prairie with timid tender fingers, and greenness was bursting through the soil. Before long the prairie would be green velvet. Now it was brown and green changeable silk. The English Rose had taken root. She loved the prairie: her heart throbbed in riotous joy because she

was alive. She would have liked to have lain down with her cheek against this tender verdure, but a wholesome respect for the clothes she wore restrained her. Sauntering along, drinking in with keen delight the crisp pure air, pausing to investigate every new leaf which promised flower by and by, stopping, breathless, to listen to the exquisite liquid notes of the meadow-lark, and at last, looking up to see if she were nearing her destination, she saw, indeed, the chimney and roof of Mr. Williams' house over the swell of the ground; but at the same time she saw something else which made her heart give one great leap, and then seem to stop beating. The Durham bull was lying down not a rod in front of her, and he had seen her. Scrambling to his feet, his little red eyes flashing hate and malice, he lowered his head, and with a low sinister bellow that meant mischief began pawing the ground with his fore foot.

It seemed a pitifully unequal struggle,—the slender child, all the pretty color gone from her lips and cheeks, and the great, mad, bellowing brute in his towering strength.

There are times in moments of extreme peril when we seem to act from an outside influence. Rose was alone. The Williams house was, indeed, in sight; but she realized the utter hopelessness of trying to make either of its inmates hear her calls for help. She must act for herself. So she simply did what seemed the only thing to do. As the bull started toward her, the small toreador whipped off her red cape and awaited him, crouching low. He came at a ponderous gallop, his head nearly to the ground. When he was upon her, Rose sprang up and threw the cape over the cruel red eyes, winding the cord about the short horns as best she could. She knew it would be a mere matter of seconds before his savage strength should have thrown off the puny encumbrance, and desperately looked about her. Not a tree, fence, or rock, offered chance of escape. But a few feet away was a buffalo-wallow; and, in less time than it takes to write it, she was lying flat, pressed close to the earth, in the poor protection of her hiding-place.

The bull tore off the bandage from his eyes, and then amused himself by goring and stamping it into the ground. Perhaps he thought it was the little mortal who had so excited his wrath. Perhaps he forgot all about her. At any rate, although he wandered restlessly about for some time, uttering now and then a menacing bellow and lashing his tail, he finally set to feeding again. Then followed a period of waiting which seemed an eternity, and was really two hours, during which the small prisoner in the friendly buffalo-wallow lay with beating heart and nearly dead with terror, until at last her foe wandered away far enough so that she dared jump up and run home.

Mrs. Gilbreth stood in the doorway. "What kept you so long, dear; and where is the dog?" she questioned.

Rose tried to reply, opened her lips, gasped, and fell in a limp little heap at her mother's feet. She soon recovered from her experience, however: much sooner, in fact, than her mother, who for years turned sick at the recollection.

(To be continued.)

RAILROAD engineers in Egypt do not have to cope with the difficulties of mountains. In the Khartoum railway line it was possible to lay forty-five miles without a curve, cutting, or embankment.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE SEER.

BY JAC LOWELL.

WHEN one does ne'er forget the sun, the moon,
the stars,
The hills, the skies, the bird-song, and the
bee,
Then he can ne'er forget the truth, the right,
the love,
The all in all,—the God of you and me.

For Every Other Sunday.

TO LIVE IS TO SUFFER: TO SUFFER IS TO LIVE.

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

FOR three years it had lived upon the hill,—
this grape vine,—twisting and turning
and spreading about according to its
own sweet will. Not a beautiful thing to look
upon; for its straggling branches trailed in the
dust, and the leaves, originally so green, were
stained and spotted with the damp and mould.
The farm changed owners, so there was a
general investigation of nooks and out-of-the-
way places.

"It is too late to save the entire vineyard,"
said the new master, in tones of regret. "It is
so overgrown with brambles and briars, I fear
the whole thing must go. I might, however,
pick out a few of the best vines and transplant
them."

"I hope he will not find me," whispered the
foolish grapevine, as it clung close to the poi-
son ivy that was just starting to climb up a
tall oak.

"Ah! here is what I want," cried the new-
comer. "John, take your grubbing hoe and
dig out this fine vine. It needs pruning badly;
but is first class, nevertheless!"

"What if he should cut my roots!" groaned
the vine, shivering with terror. But the sharp
tool was used by trained hands.

Soon the loose earth gave way, and the vine
was carried down the hill to a warm, sunny
spot, where the soil was mellow, and so care-
fully tended that not even the tiniest weed
dared show its face.

Along came the sharp shears. "Oh, spare
me!" cried the poor vine. "I shall die under
your hands!" But it was life, not death, the
shears had come to give.

Branch after branch was cut away, while
the remaining ones were strongly fastened to
stout wires; so that, struggle and strive as it
would, the vine must grow just as the master
trained it.

Bleeding and sore, it bemoaned its sad fate.
"If I could only have remained on the hill!
What a careless, happy life I led! No one to
trouble me or make me afraid!"

"Oh, how pretty and neat you look!"
chirped a robin who had just flown from the
woods. "Surely, your old friends would never
know you, standing so straight and trim in
this lovely place."

"Pray, tell me how are my dear hill friends,"
said the vine.

The robin shook his head. "They were cut
down and burned," he whispered. "It was
a grand bonfire, but so near my nest I was
greatly troubled for the fate of my home and
the tiny nestlings within it."

For the first time since its removal a thrill
of thankfulness ran through the vine's heart.
"Safe! safe!" it cried. "A brand plucked
from the burning!"

How it grew! The fresh, green leaves, washed
by the gentle showers, spread themselves as
they had never done before. The warm sun

shone full upon it, and the life-giving sap
flowed through each root and branch. Heavy
clusters of grapes almost dragged the vine
from its restraining bands.

The shears paid another visit, clipping off
this and that partially filled bunch, leaving only
those that would mature into the perfect fruit.

The autumn came. The leaves were com-
mencing to turn brown; but the vine stood
forth radiant with delight, bearing great clus-
ters of luscious purple grapes.

Again the robin made his appearance. "I
thought I would say good-bye before I flew
off to my winter home in the South," said he.
"How is it you never had anything like this
before? Such richness! such beauty!"

"Oh," replied the happy vine, "I have
only begun to live now. In the past I was but
dragging out a miserable, aimless existence.
I can see how the transplanting and even the
seemingly cruel pruning and training were
necessary to help me to express my best. Ah!
to live is to suffer; but the suffering brings
about the truest, deepest, most perfect living."

For Every Other Sunday.

BOYTOWN!

BY ARTHUR E. LOCKE.

BOYTOWN'S a place where there's very much
noise,

Where the lads are surrounded by youth's
early joys,

Where they tumble and play in a fun-making
way,

And never go home till the close of the day.

Boytown is over by Make-believe Town,
Where often these little ones take a trip down;
And there all is "suppose" and "let's play"
and "who knows,"

While every one's nicknamed wherever he goes.

Boytown's a place where they dream long day-
dreams,

Where the world like a great merry play-
ing ground seems,

Where in summer they hide, and in winter
they slide,

And over the smooth icy surfaces glide.

But Boytown at night is a town fast asleep,
When the stars in their courses their bright
vigils keep;

And the tired heads lie looking up at the sky,
While the sentries from Motherland watch
ever nigh!

A CARPENTER'S SHOP IN NAZARETH.

THE little town of Nazareth has now
three carpenters, whose workshops join
one another. They are very small, and
only from four to six meters wide. The soil
is not paved, and the walls, which support a
flat roof, are rough-cast. As there is no light
in these little shops save from the door, the
men work on its threshold or else in the
street. Sitting on the ground they make use
of their feet, which they draw close together,
to serve as a vise to fix the pieces of wood
which they polish; or branches of elm bent in
a crook, and forming very light carts, enough
to transport small objects; or primitive yokes
with four little perpendicular pieces, which
they can put over the heads of the beasts em-
ployed in this labor. The tools are simple
enough. Two trunks of carob-tree or sycamore
placed on the floor make their bench. Cer-
tainly it was in a poor little workshop of this
kind that Jesus, at twelve years old, began to
work.

For Every Other Sunday.

A GIRL'S LIFE.

BY JULIA FRANCES WHITON.

TOPICS FOR CLUBS, CLASSES, AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

TOPIC IX. HER PHILANTHROPY.

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she
reacheth forth her hands to the needy."—PROVERBS
XXXI. 20.

1. What is the beautiful root-meaning of our
word?

What does the fact that this is the "age of
philanthropy" show in regard to mankind?

2. Mention some of the world-wide philan-
thropies of the present, discussing the good
in them.

3. Point out those that have been primarily
the work of women.

4. Tell of some little, unknown philanthropy
that has come to your knowledge.

5. Tell the story of the "Good Samaritan,"
the great parable of philanthropy.

6. What two striking lessons are in Lowell's
"Vision of Sir Launfal"?

7. The philanthropies of our community,—
what are they doing?

Note.—It is well to have each member of the class
take one of your city's organized charities, visit and
report at length upon it. In case of a village class
the same may be done with a neighboring city. The
close acquaintance thus brought about is worth while.

8. Discuss Sheldon's story, "In His Steps;
or, What would Jesus do?"

9. Our class philanthropy,—what shall we
do to help?

READING:

Woman's Work in America, Chaps. XII.—
XVIII., Annie Nathan Myer.

Girls and Women, Chap. IX., Harriet E.
Paine.

TOPIC X. CHOOSING HER CAREER.

"Get leave to work in this world:

'Tis the best you'll get at all."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh*.

1. Do you agree with Mrs. Browning? Why?

2. Should a girl, as much as a boy, be fitted
with trade, profession, or business?

3. What things should be chiefly considered
in making a choice of one's life-work?

4. Does it seem to you well or otherwise
that so many avenues are now open to a girl
when choosing her career? Why?

5. Mention what seem to you the noblest
careers for women.

6. It is said that woman's work out in the
world is likely to lessen her womanliness. Is
it so?

7. It is said that the opening of the world's
work to women has had an effect upon mar-
riage. What of that?

8. Our careers,—what are we each planning
or working toward?

9. Our ideal woman,—let us picture her.

READING:

Parable of the Talents, Matthew XXV.
14-30.

Woman's Work in America, Chaps. I.-IX.,
Annie Nathan Myer.

Self-culture, Chap. XX., James Freeman
Clarke.

After College—what? H. E. Starrett.

Girls and Women, Chaps. I., IV.-VI., XV.,
Harriet E. Paine.

THE END.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

In the number of *Every Other Sunday* preceding this was a poem by Miss Emily F. Carleton of North Andover, Mass., describing a coasting time which the pupils of her day school enjoyed. It was on the first page; and, no doubt, many saw it and read it,—a true, happy picture of a merry time. The stanzas were not without their moral point, very deftly woven in.

A bird of passage whispered to the Editor that a letter from him to these public-school children might be welcome. Accordingly, he sent a greeting, containing some friendly sentiments and a little advice, all of which was duly read to the members of the school. Their ages are from five to fifteen,—about thirty of them. In response the following lines have been received, together with a cordial note. The stanzas are impersonal enough to warrant their publication in the Editor's Chair; but we do not deny a certain pleasure rising from the whole correspondence which is wholly personal. The Editor would be delighted to have this more intimate relation with many other schools, whether belonging to the every-day kind or to the Sunday division.

But perhaps the chief thing to say just now, after expressing appreciation for the friendly sentiments in the whole affair, is to state the value of letter writing. It is getting to be something of a lost art. Individuals won't take the time, in these rushing days, to write to their friends, or they take refuge in a type-writer, or in a very brief business communication. I think there is a great injury, and a loss of hearty fraternal relations.

The more practical point to letter writing is the value it has between a Sunday-School teacher and her scholars. If they are sick, such a missive will give great cheer. If they are away, during the summer, or on any journey, such an epistle proves that they are remembered. Letter writing is also a good channel, sometimes, to say things that one cannot always talk about freely. But the Editor was not intending to dilate on letter writing, and he now takes great pleasure in presenting Miss Carleton's stanzas:

THE LETTER.

It was only a kindly letter,
From a true and kindly man;
But it pleased a group of children,
And gave them, for life, a plan.

It taught them of truth and honor,—
The patriot's duty high,—
And gave, in a life-example,
The watchwords, "Toil" and "Try."

It counselled wisely for study,
It counselled for play as well.
How much it brought to the children
The future only may tell.

"And how shall we answer the letter?"
I asked of the children dear.
"What word have you for the writer?"
Quick came the answers clear:

"Tell him, of course, we thank him."
"We'd like to give him a coast."
"I wish he would write another."
"We'd like to see him, the most."

But the brightest thought lay deepest,
'Neath the joy of a radiant face,
"Tell him we'll do as he wishes,
And fill the patriot's place."

HOME STUDY CLUB.

The young people are earnestly urged to search out the required answers to the questions below, which should be sent to the Editor of "Every Other Sunday."

EDITED BY MRS. SARA SARGENT ABBOTT.

1. Who said,
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"
2. Who was the first American poet?
3. What artist was intimately associated with Holman Hunt in the famous Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood?
4. From what poet and poem comes this familiar quotation?
"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever."
5. What sculptor was employed to execute for the Acropolis of Athens a statue of Athena?
6. Who wrote a famous English book in order to pay his mother's funeral expenses?
7. Who painted a full-length portrait of Washington, considered the best ever painted of him?
8. What interesting sculptor was born in Florence in 1386?
9. What character in Shakespeare, with his attendants, forms a group which has never been surpassed in literature for the presentation of the humorous side of life?
10. Where is Hans Memling's famous "Shrine of Saint Ursula"?

Answers will appear April 12, 1903.

Answers

To questions published February 1, 1903.

1. Boswell's Life of Johnson.
2. Wordsworth. Favorite pastime was walking.
3. Coleridge and Southey. Lack of funds.
4. Because he continually rebelled against the tyranny of the government. He is buried in the family vault at Hucknall, Nottinghamshire, near Newstead Abbey.
5. Altar-piece, called "Adoration of the Lamb."
He made great improvements in the preparation and use of colors, and used a new varnish.
6. A woman possessing the power of foretelling events.
Ten, and some writers recognized twelve.
Italy and Greece.
7. "Communion of Saint Jerome," Vatican Gallery, Rome.
8. His young son Waldo.
9. Steele and Addison.

LETTER-BOX.

ENIGMA XV.

I AM composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 5, is a girl's name.
My 7, 8, 9, 5, is used in catching fish.
My 6, 7, 5, is a small animal found in Africa.
My 8, 10, 9, 11, are greasy.

My whole is the name of a city on the Mississippi River.
ELWOOD MAY.

TRANPOSED LETTERS.

I AM a tag. Change the places of my first and last letters, and I am used in playing ball.
I am the home of a wild beast. Change the places of my first and last letters, and I am a boy's nickname.
I am a name that little children sometimes call their father. Change the places of my first and last letters, and I mean the same word.
I am moisture that comes from the sky in the night. Change the places of my first and last letters, and I am to marry.
I am a boy's nickname. Change the places of my first and last letters, and I am the same word.
I am a metal fastener. Change the places of my first and last letters, and I am a slight bite.

HARRY SNELL.

IN A GARDEN.

1. HERE in a garden, set in rows,
Is something that grows best on toes.
2. And close alongside, nicely set,
Are letters of the alphabet.
3. One is a single number, true;
But every one of these are two.
4. And, if a secret's told to you,
Here's something that it's mean to do.
5. We're cannibals, as I'm a sinner;
For here's a wise man cooked for dinner.
6. And, where those crimson berries gleam,
We find the waters of a stream.
7. Away with care and melancholy!
Here's something always nice and jolly.

BIBLICAL CHARADE.

THE KING'S CHOICE—WHOSE WAS IT?

UNTO the king his seer came,
Bringing a message, and thus spake he,
"Of these three evils that I shall name
Which shall the Lord do unto thee?
"A three years' famine throughout the land;
A three months' flight, pursued by foes;
A three days' plague, by the Lord's command;
Choose thou, O king, between these woes!"
Unselfishly answered the wise king then,
"It is better to fall in the Lord's own hand,
Far better, than fall in the hands of men!"
So pestilence stalked through Israel's land.

CONUNDRUM XVII.

WHY has the mayor ordered the public library closed?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. XI.

ENIGMA XIII.—Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

BIBLICAL CHARADE.—Obed, Edom; Obeyedom.
BEHEADINGS.—Acorn, corn; Spain, pain; near, ear; Oleander, Leander.

CONUNDRUM XIV.—Nothing satisfies him.

CONUNDRUM XV.—The half, because the full moon is as light again.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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